GRAFFANIO-MASTIX:

OR, A

COLLECTION

Of Curious

POEMS

ON THE

CENSOR.

CONTAINING,

I. The Censoriad.
II. The Defence.
III. The Threbodia.
IV. The Last Will.
V. Variæ Lectiones excerptæ ex operibus Nugatorii Boodeii Theoh. & Welstedii.

All curiously illustrated with ANNOTATIONS of divers learned Authors.

To which is prefixed the Life of MART. GULLIVER.

——*Tibi Scriptus* GRAFFANE *Libellus* MART.

DUBLIN:

Printed, and Sold by GEORGE FAULKNER at the Pamphlet-Shop in *Essex-street*, opposite to the Bridge.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 MAY 63

THE CONTENTS.

THE *Comentator*'s Proeme.

Vita Martini Gulliveri.

A Tranſlation thereof.

Judicia Veterum de Gulliv.

The *Cenſoriad* with divers *Annotations.*

Variæ Lectiones ex Operibus Nugatoriis Bentlei. Theobaldi & Welſtedii, Excerptæ.

A Modeſt Defence of Mr. *Gr—ff—n.*

Various Remarks on the Modeſt Defence.

Threnodia, or an Elegy on the unexpected and unlamented Death of the *Cenſor.*

The Laſt Will and Teſtament of the *Cenſor.*

Various ANNOTATIONS on the *Threnodia*, with two Notes by Way of *Supplement* to the Modeſt Defence.

An *Index* to the whole carefully compiled and collected from the ſeveral Poems.

AN

THE CENSORIAD. A POEM.

Written originally by MARTIN GULLIVER.

Illuſtrated with ſundry curious Annotations of divers learned Commentators *Scholiaſts* and *Criticks*.

———*Felicia tempora, quæ te*
Moribus opponunt!——— JUV.

———Thou Vermin wretched
As e'er in meazel'd Pork was hatched!
Thou Tail of Worſhip, that doſt grow
On Rump of Juſtice, as of Cow!

HUDIBRAS.

Cum variis Lectionibus excerptis
Ex eruditiſſimis Commentariis Ric.
Bentleii, Lud. Theobaldi
Nec non Leonardi Welſtedii.

To which is added an ANSWER.

The Fourth EDITION.

DUBLIN: Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER, (lately remov'd from *Skinner-Row*,) at the Pamphlet-ſhop in *Eſſex-ſtreet*, oppoſite to the *Bridge*, 1730.

THE COMMENTATOR's

Proeme unto the courteous Reader.

THIS delectable Piece of Poeſie having, mainly and marvelouſly ſuffer'd through the Precipitation of ſundry Tranſcribers, and Copyiſts heretofore; we deemed it meet (and in ſome ſort it behoveth us) to reſtore it to its priſtine Garb; partly by comparing together the ſeveral Copies, and adhereing unto ſuch thereof as liked us moſt, partly on the Verity of others, and finally on our own Experience, manyfold Obſervations, and profound Penetration.

And in good ſooth to compyle this Commentarie, much Labour and Oyle hath been expended, albeit great Pleaſance hath it miniſtred unto us, inaſmuch as it hath enabled us to bring into Light this Piece in its primal Purity, and eke to teſtifie unto the Publique our unwearied Indeavour for the Entertainment thereof, unto the Prepondrancy of whoſe Judgment, we ſubject the Fruits of our Toyle the Erudition,

Age, benigne Lector, his noſtris contibus fave.

Vale & fruere.

MARTINI GULLIVERI vita ex variis Veterum teſtimoniis Excerpta.

Martinus Gulliverus matrem habuit *Aliciam*, quo vero patre [illegible] minime inter Doctos conſenſum. Varias horum conjectu[illegible] & diſputationes non noſtrum eſt hìc proferre; ſufficiat ſi de ipſo *Martino* pauca commemoremus, idque, quum plurimis confeſſum, eum quendam (quicunque modo fuit) habuiſſe patrem. Natus eſt in Anglia, Comitatu *Shropſhire* pridiè Calendarum *Martii* Anno 1242. Inter plures Matronas matri enixè parturienti aſtantes, *Shiptonam* quandam prophetiſſam fuiſſe traditur, eamque (ſtudio matris, ſeu potius Divinitùs impulſam) Labiis nùnc primùm guſtantibus potionem quandam in cranio Coracis contentam admoviſſe, Cum Nonnullæ præſentium Rogitaſſent, cujus ergô hoc feciſſet, *Shiptona* reſpondit, ſibi permaniſeſtum fuiſſe, infantem natum eſſe egregiæ Indolis, & modo Vatem futurum, & ut vires inſitæ quam maximè adaugerentur, hunc potum dediſſe. Quid infans & puer geſſiſſet, ad rem in manibus parum attinet; præclari tamen ingenii, quod cum vix prima adoleverit ætas, indicium exhibuit, tenebris minimè obvolvendum duco. Indicium, Cui nunquam inter celeberrimos extitit quicquam ſimile aut ſecundum. Sed quò feror? hoc certe erudi[illegible]s jamdudùm innotuit, & arrogantiæ vel ſtultitiæ jure arguerer, ſi promulgarem heſternum fuiſſe ſolem; hoc ergò nomine, Maturioribus jam conſiliis, omninò prætermittendum cenſeo. Spectemus nunc

Martinum

Martinum anno poſt decimum quarto in Academiam Cantabrigienſem delatum, ubi ſedulò in biennium literis operam navavit. Cùm ex improviſo colloquium inter combibones de Regimine Academiæ exortum eſſet, variæque de eo prolatæ Sententiæ, dixit ſe de certò ſcire, hincè multis ab annis, Collegium in *Ierne* extructum, & ſtatuta regimenque abhinc deducturum fore, hocque (perrexit ille) nixum fundamento, bene multos in annos provectum iri, donec *Obeſus* quidam, circiter, vel in Anno 1728, Cenſoratum inſtituerit, & ſeſe, ut qui bene mores intelligat, ad munus obeundum obtulerit. Hinc occaſione captâ. (indignatus eſt enim innovationes cujuſcunque generis) hoc Poema Cenſoriada ſcilicet condidit, dicens ſaltem exemplar fore futuris vatibus, ſi non de omni prædicabile eſſet de *Obeſo* illo prædicato. Affirmant nonnulli identidem dixiſſe, hoc munus tantum in annum a ſingulo obeundum fore, & quod ſecundo ab inſtitutione, in hoc officium eligeretur Mathematicus quidam, adduntque præterea, alterum carmen hujus ergô compoſuiſſe; ſed quùm nobis firma ſit mens nil niſi verum expromere, longe abſit aſſerere ea, quorum veritas non abunde eluceſcit. Sed his omiſſis ad finem propero. *Martinus* cum annum decimum ſeptimum compleviſſet, puſtulis ſuccubuit, admodùm ab omnibns defletus, ſed nullis, quam nobis Literatis flebilior, relictis plurimis vaticiniis, quorum quædam jam explentur, alia vero reſtant in poſterum explenda.

Jam vero de nobis noſtraque hac editione, pauca liceat dicamus. Poſt multas vigilias & Bibliothecarum perſcrutationes indefeſſas hìc tibi, benevole lector, obferimus Cenſoriados editionem, quam poſſumus perfectiſſimam; et ſi tecum ſerio reputaveris, quantòpere laboravimus vindicando a tineis & blattis, fragmenta, imò potius fruſtula chartæ, ex quibus hæc perfecta colligitur editio, ſi quot hallucinationes, inſertiones & omiſſiones, quas, aut invidia aut incuria finxit, ſuccurrendæ fuerint, quantùſque fuerit pulvis decutiendus ſedulò conſideraveris, nil moror, quin gratias, tametſi non provocatus, rependeris. Prædictionem in vita Autoris memoratam omnimodo expletam jam nunc vidimus, & in laudem ejus dicatur, quod ita adaptaverit poematis circumſtantias, quaſi ſuis ipſe oculis vidiſſet Cenſorem. Quid reſtat nunc quo minùs

minus huic finem imponamus operi? Finiatur ergo; & quæsitum eamus istud Poema de Censore secundo, si tale quiddam reperiendum est.

Translated for the Benefit of the English Reader.

Martin Gulliver was born of his Mother *Alice*, but by what Father is not agreed among the Learned. It is not to our Purpose to set forth here their various Conjectures and Disputes; let it suffice, if we mention a few things of *Martin* himself, especially since it is allow'd by several that he had a Father (be he who he will.) He was born in *England* in *Shropshire*, the Day before the Calends of *March* in the Year 1242. Among other Matrons, who were assisting his Mother in her Travail, 'tis said there was one *Shipton* a Prophetess, and that she (thro' love of his Mother, or rather inspir'd from above) gave him his first Drink out of a Raven's Skull. Upon being ask'd by some present, why she had done so, she answer'd, that it was plain to her, that the Babe was born with a goodly Disposition, and wou'd in time be a Prophet, and that she had given that Drink to improve, as much as possible, his natural Abilities. His Actions while an Infant and Child are little to the Matter in hand; yet the Indication which he gave of his great Genius, when he was yet scarce a Youth, ought not, as I think, be buried in Darkness. Such an Indication, as that any of the most famous Men have not only not parallel'd, but fallen far short of! But whither am I carried? It is certainly long since well known to the Learned, and I shou'd be justly branded with Arrogance or Folly, if I shou'd tell the World, that the Sun was up Yesterday, therefore on this Account, upon more mature Deliberation, I think fit to omit it intirely.

Let us now look upon *Martin* settled in *Cambridge* College in the fourteenth Year of his Age, where for two Years he diligently apply'd himself to Letters; where upon an accidental Discourse between him and his Pot-Companions concerning the Government of the College; and after each had spoken his Sentiments of it, he said, that he assuredly knew, that many Years after a College wou'd be builded in *Ireland*,

which wou'd deduce its Statutes and Method of governing from thence, and (continued he) being fix'd on this Foundation will advance happily for many Years, until a certain Burly Fellow in or about the Year 1728, ſhall inſtitute a a Cenſorſhip, and ſhall, as being well vers'd in Morals, propoſe to execute the Office himſelf. Taking an Opportunity hence (for he cou'd not endure Innovations of any kind) he wrote this Poem, viz. Cenſoriad, ſaying that it wou'd at leaſt be a Copy to ſucceeding Bards, if it were not in every reſpect applicable to that ſame burly Fellow, before mention'd. Some affirm that he declar'd at the ſame time, that this Office was to be executed yearly by each Perſon, and that in the ſecond after its Inſtitution, a certain Mathematician ſhou'd be elected to it, and they add beſides, that he had compos'd another Poem on this Occaſion; but ſince we are reſolv'd to publiſh nothing but what is real, far be it from us to aſſert things, whoſe Truth is not abundantly apparent. But paſſing by theſe things I haſten to the end. *Martin* when he had compleated his 17th Year, died of the Small-Pox, very much lamented of all, but by none than us, Men of Letters more lamentable, having left many Prophecies, ſome of which are already fulfilled, and others await their Completion among Poſterity.

Let us now have leave to ſpeak a few things of our ſelves and this our Edition. After many Watchings and unwearied Searchings of Libraries, we here, Courteous Reader, offer to thee the moſt perfect Edition of the Cenſoriad, which we cou'd procure; and if you ſeriouſly think with your ſelf, how much we have labour'd in reſcuing from Moths and Worms, the Fragments or rather Crumbs of Paper, out of which this Edition is gathered, if you diligently conſider how many Hallucinations, Inſertions, and Omiſſions, the effects of Envy or Neglect, were to have been obviated, and how much Duſt to be ſhaken off, I doubt not but you will pay your Thanks, tho' you had not been call'd upon for them. We even now have ſeen the Prediction mention'd in the Author's Life in every reſpect compleated, and to his Praiſe be it ſpoken, he has ſo adapted the Circumſtances of the Poem, as if he had ſeen the Cenſor with his own Eyes.

What

What now remains, but that we put an end to this Work? Be it then finiſh'd; and let us go in queſt of that Poem concerning Cenſor the ſecond, if there be any ſuch thing to be found.

Judicia quorundam tum veterum tum recentiorum Scriptorum in hunc noſtrum Authorem.

GULLIVER ingenio quantum probitate celebris
Aöniis innavit aquis——

Muret. Lib. 2 *Poet.*

Aſpice, cenſorem qua pinxit *Gulliver* arte.

Sclavon. de arte Poet.

Inter vates melioris notæ *Gulliver* minime rejiciendus.

Vanderglucht de Officio Poet.

Quemadmodum apud Græcos Homerum, apud Romanos autem Virgilium, ita apud Noſtrates *Alexandrum Popeum* in Hexametris componendis cotemporaneis ſuis longe præſtitiſſe ſæpenumero *Gulliver*, cujus judicium nequaquam dubitandum cenſeo, affirmavit.

Tan. in Logograph.

Martinus Gulliver, longiſſimo etiamſi intervallo *Lemuele* deductus, tamen inter ſui Poetas ſæculi rei poeticæ ſatis feliciter operam dedit.

Bibl. in cap. 10. *Comment.*

Antiquitas ſuos impune vates jactet, & nos non paucos enumerare poſſumus, quos inter *Martinus Gulliver* haud immerito locum obtinuit.

Bell. in Tom. 20. opuſc.

Vir-

Judicia quorundam, &c.

Vir tam ingenii acumine quam Sermonis elegantiâ *Mart. Gulliver.*

Frag. incert. Aut.

Ingenuis quoniam depulsis artibus Alma
Squallet & invidiæ damnosis sentibus horret;
Nec virtutis honos studii nec gratia restant,
Quin servile jugum & vultum mentita severum
Luxuries regnant, quin versis omnia fatis
In pejora ruunt, an non *Martinus* hiaret,
Si foret in terris? &c.

Dunsc. in Lib. 2. Somniador.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 63
MAY

THE CENSORIAD.

SHOU'D the old Cenſor of Imperial *Rome*
Raiſe his tremendous Preſence from the *Tomb*,
How wou'd he glow with juſt indignant Rage!
How wou'd he pity and deteſt that Age,
Where Ideots dictate, and Buffoons turn Sage.

ANNOTATIONS.

Cenſoriad. *So Iliad, Æneid, Dunciad,* &c. But let the Reader be ſatisfy'd, that it ſignifies no more than a Song on the *Cenſor*, which Word naturally produces a Note. Certain it is, that the generality of Mankind are ever fond of filling thoſe Offices, for which Nature hath render'd them moſt unfit.

Optat Ephippia bos piger, optat arare caballus.

Hor.

Our Hero being elected to the *Cenſorſhip*, remindeth me of ſome *Germans*, who allowed an Aſs to be beſt qualified to diſtinguiſh the Harmony of Sounds, becauſe it had the longeſt Ears. Whence the Epidemic fondneſs of our Kingdom for Muſick may rationally be accounted for. —

Nam auriculas Aſini quis non habet?

Heinſius.

Ver. 5—Where Ideots. Alludes to this of *Juvenal.*

——*Quoties aliquid de moribus audent.*
Qui Curios ſimulant, & Bacçanalia vivunt.

O thou!

O thou! to whom these Verses I direct,
Whom *Folly* can't *secure*, nor Wit *protect*,
Too bulky grown to pass unnotic'd by,
And yet too dull, to rally and reply,
How wou'd that *Cato weep*, nay *Smile* to view,
Dictators ap'd by Animals like You?
Who dare confirm new Offices and Laws,
At once the Scourge and Scandal of thy Cause;

ANNOTATIONS.

Verse 8. Too bulky——*Similiter Heratius:*
——*Epicuri de grege Porcum.*

Ver. 10. How wou'd that *Cato* Weep. Some *Criticks* contend, this and the following Lines shou'd be read in *hunc modum*.

How wou'd that *Cato* Weep, nay Smile to see
Dictators ap'd by Animals like *Thee*?

Either I think may serve; but here give me leave to animadvert on the Ignorance of a certain Scholiast, who affirmeth, that *Weep* and *Smile*, applied so closely to the same Person, imply a Contradiction in Terms: but well we may imagine this *Critick* never knew there was such a Figure in *Rhetoric* as *Epanorthosis*; or that *Weep* might refer to the *Abuse* of the *Office*, and *Smile* to the *Buffoonry* of the Person, Ignorant at the same Time of that beautiful Expression in *Homer*. —Δακρυσι χεδασσα. Il. 2.

She mingled with a Smile a tender Tear.
POPE.

Ver. 12. Who dare confirm—The Reverend *Hero* of our *Poem*, was not only the Institutor of the *Censorship*, but the first that, through a consciousness of his own superior Worth and Abilities, embrac'd the honourable Office himself, and by his indefatigable Industry, hath paved a Path, worthy to be Trodden by all succeeding *Censors*.

Hunc talem spectate virum——virtutem. Dunces.

Who

Who teach unpoliſh'd Monſters to reclaim,
And ſervile Hearts to tremble at a Theme,
Where *Dread* and *Dulneſs* all their force unite
Where *you* give *Subjects*, and where *Freſhmen* (*write*.
Who leaſt offends, himſelf ſhould Cenſure moſt,
Our *Cenſor* ſeems the Object of his Poſt:
To thinking Minds this honeſt Task ſhou'd fall.
But *Gr*——prates too much, to think at all:

ANNOTATIONS.

Ver. 14. Who teach unpoliſh'd, &c. *Similiter fragmentum incerti Authoris:*

Ipſe rudis rudibus poſuit præcepta noviſtis.

Ver. 16. Where *Dread* and *Dulneſs*, &c. Tho' no Animal is more ſluggiſh and deſpicable than an *Aſs*, yet nothing is more Frightful than it's braying. *Idem.*

Ver. 18. Who leaſt, &c. Directly oppoſite to this Rule of our Author, is the general Practice of the World. For the Ignorant and Vicious are ever more the moſt Impertinent and Cenſorious; and it is not doubted by the learned, that the *Hero* of this *Poem*, for being well accompliſh'd in both theſe Reſpects, was as *Milton* expreſſeth it on a parallel Occaſion——*

namely *Satan*'s Election to the Cenſorſhip of *Tartarus*, &c:

* advanc'd to that bad Eminence,
Heinſius.

Ver. 19. Our *Cenſor* ſeems

This may ſeem a piece of *Satire* on our *Cenſor*, but I muſt beg Pardon, if I Argue from an oppoſite Principle, 'tis the higheſt *Encomium* he cou'd receive, ſince he ſacrifices his private to the publick Intereſt of a *Society*: This, as I take it, is the true Spirit of a Patriot, and a notable Imitation of *Cato* I ſhall ſtrengthen this my Opinion with one Argument. Sup-

Offi-

Officious, fawning, frivolous and loud,
Awkardly Vain, and impotently Proud;
Partially ſtrict and ſneakingly Severe,
And fickle as the * Beaſt, which lives on *Air*.
He can't judge right, for Triflers never can;
'Tis not the *Cauſe* that's odious, but the *Man*:
Great is the Task, and worthy of a Mind,
Imbu'd with *Virtue*, and by Wit refin'd,
To point the Paths of *Piety* and *Truth*,
To curb the Sallies of licentious *Youth*.

ANNOTATIONS.

poſe my Neighbour were ſo extremely kind, as to Weed my Garden, ſhall I Quarrel with him for his good Office, becauſe at the ſame Time his own is over-run with *Nettles* and *Thiſtles?* *Lipſius.*

Ver. 21. But *Gr*— This Word hath occaſion'd ſeveral Conjectures, ſome imagine it to be *Griffith*, ſome *Griffin*, and others peremptorily affirm it to be a Name, too obvious to be mention'd. *Caſaubon.*

Ibid Ver. But *Gr*—— the Word *Prates* is very ſignificantly apply'd by our Author: thus we ſay the *Parrot Prates*, the *Magpye*, &c. *Similiter* λαλις᾽ερον κορῶνης, *Apud Anacreontem.* *Bentleius*

Ver. 27. 'Tis not the Cauſe, &c. So that we may ſay his Office becomes him, as the Armour of *Achilles* wou'd *Therſites*, and on whom (according to Mr. *Young*)

It——Shines as *Trophies* on a Poſt.

Grævius.

At

* This Periphraſis ſignifies a Camelion
Eſt Animal, quoi mille duit diverſa colores
Aurai ſpecies, Paccuvii frag.

At once endeavour to *Inſtruct* and *Pleaſe*,
Adviſe with *Candour*, and *Correct* with Eaſe;
To ſuch a *Cenſor*, and in ſuch a *Cauſe*,
Whoſe good Example ratifies his *Laws*,
We give Attention, for Offence attone,
And make his Life, the Standard of our own:
But when this Mimic *Ape*, with Aſpect ſow'r,
Exerts the rigour of Tyrannic Pow'r,
We ſtart with generous Indignation back,
For who wou'd take the Potion of a Quack,

ANNOTATIONS.

Ver. 32. At once endeavour, *&c.* So *Horace*,

Aut prodeſſe volunt aut delectare——
Aut ſimul & jucunda & id nea dicere vitæ.
Et paulo poſt,
Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit utile dulci.

Ver. 37. and 40. And make his Life, *&c.* our Author here in the Characters of a good and bad *Cenſor* concludes with two Epiphonemas, the one in the Affirmative, and t'other in the Negative, wherein he giveth us to underſtand, that precept availeth but little, if it be not inforc'd by practical Precedent; and it muſt be confeſs'd, that unworthy Magiſtrates are but at beſt but ſo many Burleſques on their Offices; far be it from me to reflect on the juſt and wiſe Body of Aldermen of this City, and farther yet be it from me to reflect on the right worſhipful *Cenſor* of *T. C.*

Ver 42. Faction he loves, *&c.* I wou'd not have the Reader infer from this, that he interferes with the State *Arcana*. No, far be it from him to be ſuſpected for a *Politician*, it only relates to his Conduct in the common Wealth of Learning, where the Superficial and Turbulent, are (*cæteris paribus*,) as dangerous as in the Body Politick like Faction

Faction he loves, tho' for its Tool deſign'd,
For this he'd ſtand, the Teſt of all Mankind
He hunts Reproach, lays Snares for Redicule,
And takes uncommon Pains to play the Fool,
Eaſy alike if Zeal or Party's bad,
Or if he paſs for Popular or Mad.

ANNOTATIONS.

Moles, which tho' blind, are ever undermining, and *Snails* which touch nothing without leaving a Portion of their Slime on't. *Spondanus.*

Ver. 43. For this he'd ſtand the Teſt, *&c.* The Word *Teſt* hath, with good Reaſon, given occaſion to various Conjectures; ſome imagine it ought to have been *Peſt*, and that the Line ſhou'd run thus

In this he is the Peſt of all Mankind.

Alii vero ſic. In this he is the jeſt of all Mankind.

Reader, thou haſt variety, chuſe which thou wilt. *Scal.*

Ver. 45. And takes uncommon Pains, *&c.* The Courteous Reader may perhaps accuſe the Poet of running here into the improbable; but the following Story, may, I think, ſuffice, to vindicate him from that Imputation.

The Cenſor, whilſt paying his Devoirs to a certain Nobleman accidentally drop'd his *Handkerchief*, and ſtooping to take it up, in it's ſtead, he *innocently* ſeizes his Patron's *Slipper* and crams it into his Breaſt, and tho' immediately told of his Miſtake, cou'd ſcarce be convinc'd, that the *Slipper* was not really the *Handkerchief*.

Ver. 46. Eaſy alike, &c. From this Inſenſibility of Temper in our HERO, it appears that he eſpouſes the Stoic Sect of Philoſophers, to which the *Roman* Cenſor was ſo inviolably attach'd, tho' others affirm his Principles are *Epicurean* from his daily Experiments of the *Air Pump*, and his contending for a *Vacuum*. And laſtly, others are for making out that he is a *Carteſian*, and that he *ſolidly* believes that to be a *Plenum*, which all others take for a *Vacuum*. *Scal. Jun.*

Witneſs

Witneſs that glorious Night, when fluſh'd (with Wine,
His folly ſpurr'd him to a brave Deſign,
When Miſers dreaming, brood o'er hoarded Pelf,
And ev'ry *Hog* lay ſnoring, but *himſelf*.

ANNOTATIONS.

Ver. 48. When fluſh'd with Wine. As we have already in other reſpects compar'd him to *Cato*, the Parallel will hold good in this.

Arratur & priſci Catonis
Sæpe meri caluiſſe virtus.

Ver. 49. His folly, &c. This whole Epiſode is Matter of Fact, and no poetical Fiction, as hath erroneouſly been held by ſome. From the Tenour of which, a very uſeful Moral may be drawn, viz. That all Magiſtrates inveſted with any civil Power, ſhould be well guarded, when they are diſcharging the rigour of their Office. The circumſpect Mr. *Hawkins* was ſo well convinc'd of the truth of this Aphoriſm, that he never went upon any publick Enterprize without his Train'd-band.

Ver. 50. When Miſers dreaming, &c. The Antients as well as Moderns have been very copious in their Deſcriptions of Night: Probably our Author had the following one of *Virgil* in view.

Nox erat & terras animalia feſſa per omnes
Alituum PECUDUMQ; genus ſopor altus habebat.

As Night and Chaos are repreſented by the Poets to have been the Progenitors of Dullneſs and Stupidity, certainly our Author con'd not have pointed out a fairer Scene of Action for his HERO, than that vacant ſpace of Time, when the more thoughtful Part of Mortals ſuſpend their purſuits, and recruit their Spirits for the Buſineſs of the Day——— *Voſſius*

Ver 52. Back'd by one Vaſſal. *Virgil*

———*Horrentibus umbris*
———*Ipſe uno graditur comitatus Achate.*

Back'd by one Vaſſal, thro' the mazy Gloom,
He boldly ſtagger'd to a Scholar's Room,
Thrice knock'd with pond'rous Feet and (Mutton Fiſts,
And thrice the bolted Door his rage reſiſts:
At length he tries the Proweſs of his Pate,
And open flies the barricado'd Gate;

ANNOTATIONS.

Ver. 54. Thrice knock'd, &c. So *Lucan.*

——— *Bis terq; manu, quaſſantia tectum,*
Limina commovit ———

Ver. 56. At length he tries, &c. I can't well juſtifie our Author in this, for he ſeems to attribute a degree of Reaſon and Reflection to the Cenſor; how much better had he deſcrib'd him according to *Horace.*

Iracundus, Inexorabilis
Difficilis, Querulus, &c.

Ver. 57. And open flies, &c. Our Author in this hath ſhewn himſelf well vers'd in the Beauties of the Claſſicks: For it is obſervable that all Epic Writers, when they ſtudy'd to exalt the Characters of their Heroes, deſcrib'd them breaking Gates and burſting open Doors: Thus *Homer* (Iliad 12.) magnifies *Hector* for breaking the Gate of the *Grecian* Wall with the Fragment of a Rock, *Milton* aggrandizes the Courage of *Satan*, by deſcribing him breaking open Hell-Gates, and the Author of *Hudibraſs*, to exalt the Character of *Magnano*, repreſents him indeed like our HERO, coming off with the worſt in his Encounter, but ſeems to think him ſufficiently extoll'd in the other part of the Deſcription.

———The brave *Magnano* came,
Magnano great in Martial Fame,
But when with *Orſin* he wag'd Fight,
'Tis Sung he got but little by't;

For

For what is Oak or Iron, but a Sham,
Againſt the Force of ſuch a batt'ring Ram?
The Cenſor enters——and about he flings
The injur'd Glaſſes, and the Chamber rings:
See *Locke* and *Clarke* in floods of Liquor ſwim,
He ſeiz'd the Scholar, and the Scholar him;
Off fly their Wigs; they give alternate Cuffs,
The *Scholar Labours*, and the *Cenſor Puffs*:

ANNOTATIONS.

Yet Doors were feeble to reſiſt
The Fury of his armed Fiſt.

Ver. 65. The Cenſor puffs. So *Virgil.*

Vaſtos quatit æger anhelitus artus.

Though much it irketh me to accuſe our Author of *Plagiariſm*; yet Reader, perceiveſt thou not, that the following Deſcription is purloin'd from a Paſſage in the fifth *Æneid* of *Virgil*, where *Dares* and *Entellus* are contending at Whirlbats? Albeit, we muſt allow the Application to be meet enough.

Ille, pedum melior motu, fretuſq; juventa:
Hic membris & mole valens; ſed tarda trahenti
Genua labant——
Multa viri nequidquam inter ſe vulnera jactant,
Multa cavo lateri ingeminant & pectore vaſto.
Dant Sonitus, erratq; aures & tempora circum
Crebra manus: duro crepitant ſub vulnere malæ.

Stat gravis Entellus, &c.
Oſtendit dextram inſurgens——& alto
Extulit: ille ictum venientem a vertice velox
Prævidit, celerique elapſus corpore ceſſit.
Entellus vires in ventum effudit, & ultro
Ipſe gravis, graviterq; ad terram pondere vaſto
Concidit——

Dunceſe.

This

This on Activity and youth relies,
In Martial Spirit Greater, leſs in Size:
Not ſo the Cenſor; the dull heavy Hulk
Chiefly depends on his enormous Bulk;
But as he moves his Body in a heat,
His Joints relax beneath th'unweildy weight.
Bloodleſs they yet contend with many Bumps,
Their hollow Sides repeat the heavy Thumps;
And now their Nails indent heroic Scars,
They tug and lengthen one another's Ears:
With formidable Hands they lay around
Repeated Wounds, at each repeated Wound
Their Heads are dizzy'd, and their Cheeks
(reſound.
Yet lo! unmov'd the Mighty Cenſor ſtands,
Shakes off the Foe, and weighs his potent hands,
The feebler Foe, as when with fatal Knocks,
The Butcher's bent, to kill the ſtately Ox,
The Cenſor views in Majeſty of Fat,
And tries, with inſult vain, this way and that.
Aloft his weighty Hand the Cenſor lifts,
And bravely charges—but the Scholar ſhifts;
The yielding Air receiv'd the Cenſor's Strength,
And down he fell—a huge unweildy Length!
Then, oh! what Scenes of Gallantry & Blood,
What Noble Theme for Poets had enſu'd,

Had

Had not pacific Dullneſs, all unſeen,
Ruſh'd in a Freſhman's Habitude between,
Anxious to ſave her genuine Offspring's Life,
And put a Period to the doubtful Strife?
Him ſtraight the Goddeſs to his Room con-
And in a downy Bed ſupinely laid; vey'd,
Then gently round his conſecrated Head,
A miſty Cloud of drowſy vapours ſhed.
To ſooth his Dolours with Nutation bland,
Thrice o'er his temples ſhook her Magic wand
Thrice ſweetly hum'd, to Lullaby his pain,
Pambaicks ſoft --- *aſleep creating* Strain!
And thrice her parent Breath with his com-
(mix'd
And his dim Eyes in leaden ſlumber fix'd.

ANNOTATIONS.

Ver. 91. Had not pacific Dullneſs — the Interpoſition of Deities is frequently us'd by *Homer* and other Epic Writers; from many Inſtances take the following out of the 21ſt Illiad, where *Apollo* reſcues his Favourite *Agenor* from the Violence of *Pelides*.

——Οὐδὲ τέθαρσεν Ἀπόλλων Κυδος ἀρούρας
Ἀλλα μὶν ἐξήρπαξε, κάλυψε δὲ ἠέρι πολλῷ

Ver. 101. Thrice o'er his Temples. The Goddeſs is here introduc'd with all ſuitable Pomp and Solemnity, who at the ſame time ſhe diſplays her Divinity, ſhews all the tender care and concern of a Parent: to mitigate his late misfortune ſhe breaths her influence on him, ſhe lulls him aſleep. The Goddeſs of Wiſdom herſelf cou'd do no more to her favourite *Penelope* in her afflictions,

——οἱ ὕπνον,
Ἠδυν ἐπὶ Βλεφάροισιν ἐπιβλήδην γλυκὺν ἧκε Ἀθήνη

105. But

But let the Cenſor's folly be his guide,
Since this is all that can ſupport his Pride;
In every Scrape his Politicks muſt run,
And where his Schemes do nothing--nothing's done,
When daring faults call haſty venge'nce down,
Preſumptuous ſins, too big for half o'Crown,
Then gentle R—s ſtupidly complains,
Whoſe Conſcience ſo much overweighs his Brains;
But Gr—— ſighs to ſee a Crime ſo large,
For none but paultry Sinners are his Charge.
Yet grins and leers at leaſt, to ſhew his Zeal,
Impertinence ſucceeds, tho' Power may fail;
He ſhall tell Tales, work Infamy more warm,
Invent, inlarge, *think Nonſenſe*—then inform.
If

ANNOTATIO NS.

Certain it is, that nothing can give greater Ornaments to Poetry than this Figure, when well wrought and aptly apply'd—*Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus*——*inciderit*— It muſt be a Matter of the laſt Importance, that demands the Preſence of a Deity. So that with the ſame poetical Juſtice, wherewith the *God* of *Wit* preſerv'd his *Votary*, the *Goddeſs* of *Dullneſs* preſerv'd her's.

Gronovius

Ver. 103. Pambaicks ſoft. A Peculiar and inoffenſive kind of things ſo nominated from their ſoft and ſimple meaning Author Namby Pamby. By the Critick dignified with the

If by the Looks the inmoſt Soul we trace,
Who cannot read his Dulneſs in his *Face*?
Well does *Grimace* his Sentiments befit,
His *Smiles* are *Commentators* on his Wit.
Sardonic *Smiles* diſtort his hideous *Jaws*,
Senſeleſs he jeſts, and laughs without a Cauſe.

125. In

ANNOTATIONS.

the Titles of the Infantine, the Finical, the See-Saw, *&c.* and which to uſe his own eaſy Dialect.

Readers abſolutely keep
Half awake——— or half aſleep.

Dydimus.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *Hiatus in M. S.* * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *valde deflendus* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

As to this lamentable Chaſm in the M. S. Commentators are ſtrangely divided; ſome tell us we have loſt above thirty or forty Lines, for which little or no account can be given; others are of opinion the Poem reach'd no farther, and that, what lines follow are but a ſpurious Supplement, a practice too notorious among ſome Scholiaſts! For my part I ſhall not pretend to be deciſive, but this I can affirm, that I have delivered it to the World, as I found it in a M. S. of the *Grubſtreet Vatican*, which is reckoned the moſt ancient, now extant. *Faber.*

Ver. 111. Then gentle R——s ſtupidly. I have ſeen an old M. S. wherein for *ſtupidly* is written *heavily*, and it is more than probable the former hath been foiſted in either thro' the inadvertence or conceit of the Tranſcriber; becauſe *Heavy Complaints*, hath been an old Mode of Speech, not but that both may be equally applicable to the Perſon.

Ver. 118. Think Nonſenſe. A Vulgar Author here wou'd have ſaid, ſpeak Nonſenſe (as I have ſeen it in one of the ſurreptiti-

In vain *Democritus* he wou'd appear
With not one ſign of Wiſdom--but the Sneer.
But much I grieve your Errors to expoſe,
To pawn Advice in Verſe for Faults in Proſe;
Can you renounce thoſe Follies all deſpiſe,
Will future Ages ſay, *you once were Wiſe?*
Sooner ſhall ſcribling * *Coffey* ſue for Grace,
Or dull † *Arbuckle*'s weekly Labours ceaſe.

ANNOTATIONS.

ſurreptitious Editions of this Poem) but better knew our Poet to penetrate into the Medullar cauſes of things, for methinks there is a wide difference between one that thinks and one that only ſpeaks Nonſenſe; a wiſe Man *per lapſum linguæ* may throw out Nonſenſe; but to think Nonſenſe is a peculiar gift, a talent not to be acquir'd by Art, and as I may ſay, implanted on the minds of ſome of the favourites of Nature herſelf, who are therefore called Naturals.

Ver. 121. Well does *Grimace*, &c. The doctrine of Phiſiognomy is what hath been always maintained, whence the Latin *Adage*, *Vultus eſt index animi*, is daily quoted, and certain it is, that the Countenance of a *Felon* at the Bar has often been the ſtrongeſt Evidence againſt him. 'Tis from this received Opinion that *Dryden* in his Fable of *Cymon* and *Iphigenia* has introduced the former Witneſſing——*his Wonder with an Idiot Laugh.* And we find that *Homer* to expreſs Impudence, has uſed the Epithet Κυνὸς. How far theſe Remarks may be applicable to the *Cenſor*'s Circumſtances, is beſt known to thoſe, that have had Eyes, to ſee, and Ears, to hear him.

Ver. 123. *Sardonic Smiles.* Hear Servius upon this. *In Sardinia naſcitur quædam herba, quæ Sardoa dicitur: hæc commeſa ora hominum victûs dolore contrahit, & quaſi ridentes interimit: unde vulgo* Σαρδόνιος γέλως Sooner

* Two notorious Scriblers, one as remarkable for bad Verſe, as the other for bad Proſe.

Sooner ſhall —— outſhine a Barber's Block,
— riſe at ſix, and —— think like *Locke*.
Yet with unhallow'd Feet in endleſs Round,
You boldly treſpaſs on poetick Ground,
Profane the Flowers, and Pollute the Strain
Of *Homer*, *Horace*, and the *Mantuan Swain*;
Loſt to Reproof, tho' *Pallas* ſhakes her Spear,
And * *Rhabus* often threats to pull thy Ear;
As when a ſluggiſh *Aſs*, whom Hunger leads
To Fields of bladed Corn, or verdant Meads,
Feeds on, nor values the collected Noiſe,
Of *Peaſants*, *Maſtives*, *Curs* and *Village-boys*:
They wave their Clubs, and plentifully pour
Faſt on his groaning Sides, a wooden Show'r:
Yet

ANNOTATIONS.

* So *Virgil*——*Mihi Cynthius aurem*
Vellit——

As when a ſluggiſh *Aſs*, &c, doubtleſs our Author had the following *Simile* of *Homer*'s in view, where the paſſive Courage of *Ajax* is liken'd unto that of an *Aſs*; yet verily, it is much more happily apply'd to our Hero.

Ως δ' ὅτ' ὄνος παρ' ἀρουραν ἰὼν εξέπαυτο παίδας
Νωθὴς, ὦ δὴ πολλὰ περὶ ῥόπαλ' ἀμφὶς ἑάγη,
Κειρει τ' ἀσπαλιῶν βαθυ λήϊον· οἱ δέ τε παίδες
Τύπτουσιν ῥοπάλοισι, βίη δέ τε νωθὴς αὐτῶν,
Σπουδῇ τ' ἐξέλασαν, ἐπεί τ' ἐκορέσατο θοῖσιν.

Iliad 11. *Lemnchroint.*

Yet *He*, tho' much he bears, and much he (bleeds,
Mocks their united Rage, and *bears*, and *feeds*.
But know, O thou of undiſcerning *Head*,
With Front of *Braſs*, and Intellects of *Lead*,
Not all the Time you ſquander to explore,
Thro' dark *Meanders*, *Nature*'s Myſtic Store,
Nor *Globe*, nor *Glaſs*, nor any *Inſtrument*
That * *Senex* forms, or *Helſham* can invent;
Not

ANNOTATIONS.

Not all the time you ſquander, *&c. tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ.*—ſaith *Horace*; and yet how frequently do we obſerve this Precept tranſgreſs'd, to the great Detriment of Society, whoſe Intereſt terminates in a proper Application of the Talents of its ſeveral Members? 'Tis from this Infringement upon Nature, that the Publick is often depriv'd of good *Coblers*, jolly *Tinkers*, full-fed *Aldermen*, luſty *Dray-men*, and able *Butchers*; is it not a matter of daily Experience, that ſome by peruſing Books abuſe them, when they might have been better employ'd in binding them for the uſe of others? This Miſapplication of Parts is well expreſs'd in a *Paſquinade*; which was fix'd to the *Cenſor*'s Door.

Lambinus.

A Curſe on him, that ſent thee firſt to School,
He ſpoil'd a *Plow-man*, to improve a *Fool*.

——————*tellus inarata quieſcit.*——————Virg.——
——————*Deſuntque manus poſcentibus arvis.*——Luc.——

Suf-

* A celebrated Mathematical Inſtrument-maker in London.

Not all thy busy Schemes, and sage Device
Of reading *Books*, and suffocating *Mice*,
Can make thy Learning, or thy Sense extend
Beyond thy old, *Id Velim*, in the end.
So have I seen upon a Sign display'd,
Aloft in Air, a *Horse* with *Wings* array'd,
Which (as Sir *Toby* said) appear'd to Prance
Progressive still, but never cou'd advance,
And yet some good we boast some learned few,
Such as *Old Athens* wou'd not blush to view;
And ye uninfluenc'd Few, whose candid Hearts
Disdain the practice of inglorious Arts;
Who thro' the Paths of Virtue follow Praise
And value Merit, in the worst of Days;

Who

ANNOTATIONS.

Suffocating *Mice*, &c. among the various Entertainments of the *Censor's*, the choaking *Mice* in an Air-Pump is no inconsiderable one.

So have I seen, *&c.* resembling this, is the *Simile* illustrating the Character of *Sidrophel* in *Hudibras*, but with greater justice, applicable to the *Censor*:

He as a Dog that turns the Spit,
Bestirs himself and plies his Feet
To climb the Wheel, but all in vain,
His own Weight drags him down again,
And still is in the self-same Place,
Where at his setting out he was, &c. *Hudibras.*

Gronovius.

Who view with mournful, but indignant Eyes,
The Coxcomb triumph, and the *Blockhead* riſe,
Who bluſh to think, that *Alma* ſhou'd advance,
A *Dolt* from *Eng—d*, or an *Ape* from *France*.
While old *Iernes*'s Progeny bewail,
Her Genius languiſh in the lighter Scale.
Forgive my *Satyr*, and indulge my Spleen,
So may your Fame be ſafe, your Laurels green,
Tho' bad the Numbers are, the *Satyr*'s juſt,
You can't deny one Line, and yet -- I muſt.

VARIÆ

VARIÆ LECTIONES

Excerptæ ex eruditiſſimis Commentariis Ric Bentleii, Lud. Theobaldi, Nec non Leonardi Welſtedii.

Ver. 14. 15. { Who teach unpoliſh'd Monſters to declaim,
And ſervile Hearts to tremble at a Theme.

I have ſeen this in an old Manuſcript, written thus,

Who teach unfledged Monſters to declaim,
And ſervile Hearts to tremble at a Name.

Unfledged! Barbarous! Gothick! improper! being only peculiar to *Fowl!* I ſhou'd rather conclude, *Rude* was the Original Epithet, but that a Monoſyllable wou'd not anſwer the Meaſure of the Verſe, but trembling at a *Name*, in the ſubſequent Line is entirely ſpurious and vernacular.

Bentleius.

Ver. 25. And fickle as the Beaſt, &c. I have read it in the *Grub-ſtreet* Manuſcripts thus, Thoughtfully dull, and rudely inſincere: But this we thought proper not to preſerve, it ſeeming admitted more for its verity, than the beauty of the Verſification. *Welſtedius.*

Ver. 29. For *Imbu'd Lege*, *Indu'd* or *Endu'd.* *Theobaldus.*

Ver. 31. To curb the Sallies, &c. I have ſeen Crub for Curb in a certain Copy, but this is an Error too obvious to be overſeen by any Reader of tolerable Underſtanding.

Bent.

Ver. 44. ——— lays Snares for *Redicule*, &c. Redicule! Kakography! an Error of the laſt Concoction! this muſt have been a blunder of the Editors. Blot out that (*e*) boldly, and ſupply it with (*i*) *Theobs.*

Ver. 53. He boldly ſtagger'd, &c. in an antient Edition is written

written ſwagger'd, which appears to be more Correſpondent to the *Cenſor*'s Perſon, were he not in Liquor.

Walſtediue.

Ver. 99. 100. { To ſooth his Dolors with Nutation bland,
Thrice o'er his Temples ſhook her Magick (Wand,

I ſhall only offer in this Place, a conjectural Emendation, which ſeems not unnatural.

To ſooth his Sorrows with Lethargick Nod,
Thrice o'er his Temples ſhook her Magick Rod.

Theobaldus,

Ver. 132.—dull *Arbuckle*'s weekly *Labours* ceaſe, &c.

All the Copies amazingly diſagree in the different Lections of this Line; in ſome it is weekly *Tribunes*, in others weekly *Nonſenſe*, in others weekly *Journals*; but methinks the Word *Labours*, implys all the Degrees of bad Writing, for which this Author daily diſtinguiſhes himſelf.

MARTINI

A MODEST

DEFENCE

OF

Mr. Griffin.

BEING AN

ANSWER

TO THE

CENSORIAD.

——Defensoribus istis
Tempus eget—— Virg. Æn.

DUBLIN:

Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER, (lately remov'd from *Skinner-Row*,) in *Essex-street*, opposite to the *Bridge*, MDCCXXX.

A MODEST

DEFENCE

OF

Mr. C——N.

BEING AN

ANSWER

TO THE

CONSORIAD.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 MAY 63

DUBLIN:

Printed by Graham Faulkner, (lately removed from Skinner Row,) in Fleet-Street, Opposite to the Exchange.

MDCCXXX.

D

A MODEST DEFENCE OF Mr. G—n, &c.

O What a ſad Age of Corruption we live in,
When pennyleſs Poets ſo lewdly are given!
Behold with what Spirit of Malice they drive at
All Stations promiſcuous, both publick and private!
'Twou'd make a Man crazy, to ſee at what rate here
They plague us with Libels, Lampooning and Satire;
If a Perſon of Buſineſs, of Credit, and Worth,
Be *bulky*, and *tipſy*, and *dull*, and *ſo forth*;
He cannot paſs by, but he ſuddenly meets
His Talents, beſpater'd in *dirty half-Sheets*.

Ye double-chin'd Aldermen, evermore witty,
And *You*, that with *white-Rod* affrighten the City,
Are ye not well paid to remove the *Town-dirt?*
Then why will ye ſuffer ſuch Dabblers to flirt?

Let other Men think what they will of the Times,
I cannot think well of their damnable Rhymes,
I ſay, ſuch a Clan of Poetical Toads
Are worſe than your Fellows, that rob on the Roads;
To them if you tamely ſurrender your ſelf,
Your Perſon they ſpare, tho' they plunder your Pelf,
And this you may chance to retrieve by the Bounty
Of Chriſtians, or ſwearing a Tax on the County:
But once you lye under an evil Aſperſion,
You never can hope for a *Fame* in *Reverſion.*

In his Heart and his Pencil of Poiſon what Store he had
Who wrote ſuch a Song as the wicked *Cenſoriad?*
A Song where each Line and each *Note* raiſe a Laugh on
The *poor*, *inoffenſive*, *good-natur'd Hugh Gr——n!*
In right of whoſe Honour my Pen I ſhall brandiſh,
While Brain's in my Noddle or Ink in my Standiſh.

You

You dull Poetaſter, what Reaſon had you,
To Scribble, and be ſo ſevere upon *Hugh?*
To fall upon *Hugo*, a Perſon ſo *harmleſs*,
Was drawing your Weapons on one, that was *armleſs*.

Had he libel'd the State; had he once in a Journal,
Or other ſuch ſcandalous Paper diurnal,
But publiſh'd his Labours, it had been leſs matter,
You might have ſome Privilege then to beſpatter:
But ſince we have very good Reaſon to gueſs,
A Sheet of his never yet burthen'd the Preſs;
Since he has offended not one of his betters
In ſcurvy Invectives, or Letters on Letters;
Nor written * a Sonnet, nor grated the Ears
Of *Phœbus* with any impertinent Pray'rs;
You might have been better employ'd, you muſt own,
And let him, as he has let others, alone.

'Twas nothing but Malice, that prompted thee firſt,
But what have you done now in doing your worſt?

---

* Our Author ſeems to be very groſly miſtaken; for it is reported he had no ſmall Hand in the Songs of the *Beggar's Wedding*.

Thy

Thy Satyr on Gr——n has loſt all it's Edge,
He cares not a Farthing for what you alledge.
The *Moon*, in her Glory, reflects on the Water,
While *Maſtives* are raiſing ſuch *Hubbubs* ſtill at her!
Like them you may Bark on, and hurt him as ſoon
For *Hugo*'s as ſafe, as the Man in the Moon.

In vain you arraign him for wanting of Knowledge
Is he not a Fellow—of Tr-n-y C——ge?
In Manners you ſhould not have ſo much reflected,
A Man in his Station ſhou'd not be ſuſpected.

Your Muſe has related (for which I cou'd whip her)
That he for an Handkerchief took up a Slipper;
To take up a Slipper, a wonderful Wonder!
And pray where's the Harm in ſo ſimple a Blunder?
Contemplative Men are loſt in ſtrange Mazes,
While their mind in the Field of Philoſophy grazes,
Aſcending aloft, they ſhake off their dull Fetters,
And leave common Senſe to Men of low Letters.
To *Hugo* you cannot impute that a Shame,
Which, rightly conſider'd, enhances his Fame;

His Thoughts were employ'd in a loftier Sphere,
In *squaring a Circle*, or *building in Air*.
Great *Newton*, whom Envy can never befoul,
Was *Phœnix* of Science; capacious his Soul,
Like *Pompey*'s tranſported to Regions of Day,
Diſdain'd to be ty'd to a Manſion of Clay,
Yet ſmoaking his Pipe once, however improper,
He us'd his Friend's Finger, inſtead of a Stopper.
But hold, quoth a Critic, however commodious
The Parallel, yet the Compariſon's odious:
Is this, quoth another, the way you confute one?
Conſider, that this was the Blunder of *Newton*—
And this was the Blunder of *Gr———n*—what then?
A Blunder's a Blunder, and both were but Men.

You talk of his Tipling: A Glaſs of good Wine
Cou'd never offend him———ſo ſound a Divine!
Full Bumpers of *Claret* give Speech to our Tongues,
Enliven our *Spirits*, and ſtrengthen our Lungs:
Old *Cato* the *Cenſor*, and great *Ariſtotle*
Were Lovers of Learning, yet Friends to the Bottle.
That *Hugo* is beaten by one he engages
At Boxing, you tell us in two or three Pages.

So

So poor Mr. *Gr——n* was drubb'd—and what then, Sir?
A Drubbing has oft been the Fate of great Men, Sir;
And was it his Fault, if his Foe was the ſtronger,
Was nimbler, and younger, and held out the longer?
He fought while he cou'd, and behav'd himſelf gallant,
And who cou'd do more, were he ever ſo valiant?

Tho' *Fortune is fickle, the Honour's the ſame,*
To *give or receive in the Battle a Maim,*
Some in the Engagement are beaten, and ſome beat,
Then as equal the Toil, ſo the Glory of Combat.
'Tis he, that won't fight, that deſerves to be branded,
Not he, who, tho' ſure of a Drubbing, won'd ſtand it,
And thus having finiſh'd the Task of Defendant,
I put, without Name, a bold Daſh at the End on't.—

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 63 MAY

VARIOUS

VARIOUS
REMARKS
ON THE MODEST
DEFENCE.

DUBLIN:

Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER, (lately remov'd from *Skinner-Row*,) in *Eſſex-ſtreet*, oppoſite to the *Bridge*, MDCCXXX.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
68
MAY

To the well-minded READER, Health, Wealth, Increaſe of profound Sapience, and long length of Days, wiſheth *A. B.*

Kind, and Courteous READER,

IT may not be altogether Supervacaneous and unſeemly, to animadvert, that the following pithy and profitable Illuſtrations in the *Latin* Tongue, were communicated unto me by my Laborious and Learned Friend, *Skirtsfleiskius*, Profeſſor of Divinity at *Leyden*, and Adept in the occult Sciences: In very truth he certifieth unto me, that he found them in a *Moth*-eaten Fragment of a very aged MS. repoſited in the Literatory of the famous *Heinſius*. As to the Father of ſuch well-favoured Offſprings, the Literati are in great doubt and Heſitation: Howbeit my Friend conjectureth them to have been written in the time of Pope *Leo* the IXth. by the Analyſis of certain Capital Letters in a Chronogrammatick Poem, written in Praiſe of his Holineſs, by one *Rhythmo-Romanus*, an eminent Monk in thoſe Days of Poetry, which was Bound in a Piece of black Sheep-Skin, together with theſe our *Latin* Notes.

Notes. My Friend did alſo favour me with a Fragment of *The Modeſt Defence*, in *Latin Hexameter* Rhyme, being a Tranſlation of the firſt Diſtichon of the Poem, Bound in the ſaid Sheep-Skin: The Lines run thus,

O quali Lævo *damnati vivimus* ævo,
Cum turpes Vates *audent oſtendere* Nates!
Deſunt cætera.

This ſtrengthens my Opinion, in co inciding with my Friend; howbeit *Polyglottus* (in *Tomo Vigeſimo opuſculorum*) ſeemeth to gainſay it: Verily I am of Belief, that the ſaid Numerical *Rythmo-Romanus* wrote the Notes, and Tranſlated the whole Poem.

And now full Sorry I am, that *Time* the Deſtroyer and Devourer both of *Cenſors* and *Cenſoriads*, hath been ſo invidious to Poſterity, as to leave us ſo little of the Notes and Verſification: However, ſtudious *Lector*, content thy ſelf with theſe few Golden Remains, reſcued from the preying Teeth of greedy *Moths*, and the ſquint-ey'd Malevolence of former Ages, and if, peradventure, hereafter I may lay mine Hands on more of them, by delving and ſcrutanizing into the Ruins of Antiquity, you may expect them in another Edition: In the mean while, reſt you in Peace and Tranquillity; for ſo prayeth your Friend in Verity,

The EDITOR.

P. S. Juſt as I had put an end unto my Preface, I receiv'd a Collection of Animadverſions in the Vulgar Tongue, which in Friendly wiſe I ſhall link unto the *Latin* ones, (and certes they are cunningly and craftily enough compiled) principally for the Glee and Improvement of my Fair Readers, of modeſt Deportment.

N. B. I would have render'd the *Latin* Notes into *Engliſh*, but that I would not deprive the Beaus of an opportunity of ſhewing their Learning to the Ladies.

I N-

INCERTI AUTHORIS.

(*Quotquot extant*) *Animadverſiones.*

O what a ſad Age, &c.) *Optimum ſane exordium; exclamatio ſimul indignantis et iraſcentis; qui quidem mos apud optimos olim Poëtas, in Satiris componendis, imo et oratores quoq; plurimum valuit: Sic enim Juvenalis in ipſo operis limine contra ſui Scriptores ſæculi invehitur.*

Semper ego Auditor tantum? *&c.*

Et alibi.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus!

Sic et Cicero *in Catilinam.* Quouſq; *tandem abutêre patientiâ noſtrâ? &c.*

Ye double chin'd Aldermen, *&c.*) *Pingues ſc. ingenio. Metonimia externi objecti ad internum; Materialitatis ad immaterialitatem. Nec injuriâ quidem, quoniam Aldermanni plerumq; ſunt obeſi tam mente, quam cute.*

And you that with White-Rod, &c.) *Periphraſis, per quam deſcribitur Prætor Urbanus, Angl.* Lord Mayor, *cujus Authoritatis inſignia, ſunt Aurata Catena & alba virgulta: hæc etenim tantum populo terroris immittit, quantum illa geſtanti honoris affert.*

You never can hope, &c.) *Non prorſus huic abſimile Illud horatianum.*

——*Nec amiſſos colores*
Lana refert Medicata fuco.

Cætera deſiderantur.

A Continuation of Notes, by way of Supplement to the former.

But once you lye under, &c.) This Obſervation may hold in a general Senſe, but certainly not in the Caſe before us; and *Crubins* ſtedfaſtly cleaveth unto mine Opinion, who affirmeth, that the Word hath determin'd this Line only to ſuch Perſons as have (as one may ſay) accidentally given occaſion to *Lampoons*, and not to ſuch, as have

or

or ought to have been the Subject of many, during the whole Tenor of their Lives.

Faber.

Drawing your Weapons, &c.) This is ſufficiently illuſtrated by a Paſſage in the *Cenſoriad*, *Page* 4. *Line* 9. and here give me Leave to offer a curſory Emendation of the preceding Line, viz. *Too bulky grown, to paſs unnotic'd by*,) 'tis only here (if with Modeſty I may ſpeak it) that the former *Commentators* have ſhewn their blind ſides. Marvellous it is to me, that Men of ſuch ſharp-ſighted Sagacity, and profound Penetration, ſhou'd not have known, that ſo learned an Author as *Martin* could never have written a Word ſo inapplicable to the preſent Purpoſe as *unnotic'd*; certainly *unheeded* was the Original *Epithet*, however it hath been ſupplanted by the other; the former ſeemeth to imply little more than that a Perſon is *not known*; but the latter giveth us to underſtand, that a Man is thoroughly known, and with this Aggravation, that he is for that Reaſon deſpiſed.

Lubin.

On one that was armleſs, &c.) The Word *armleſs* is taken in it's Predicamental or full Extent, being no way limited by the Subject. Howbeit, it is altogether cruel and inhuman in a Chriſtian Country, that a Perſonage ſhou'd be libel'd, who would have been canonized for a Saint in *Morocco*.

Albertus Mag.

Since he has offended not one of his Betters,) Why did he not ſay the ſame of him, in regard to his Inferiors?

Rick.

In ſcurvy Invectives, &c.) Our Author ſeemeth here to play the *Sophiſter*, as if his being *Dormant or A-la-Mort*, in the

the Capacity of a Writer, argu'd him ſo, in that of an Agent and Speaker.

Rivius.

——*Or Letters on Letters*, &c.) of which Species were the late elaborate Pieces of Poeſy, addreſs'd to D. *D*—*y* and D. *S*——*t*, but for my part I ſee no juſt cauſe of Complaint againſt ſuch innocent Compoſitions, which anſwer to St. *Jerom*'s Verſion of the Apocryphal Phraſe, denounced on the wicked, *Naſcentes Moriuntur*, they no ſooner begin to be, but draw nigh unto their end. So Tranſitory, alas! is the Date of them, that, inſtead of Monuments, that Triumph over Time and Fire, they may, with all Propriety, be call'd Bills of Mortality.

Antonius Goveanus.

Thy Satyr on Gr—— *has loſt all its edge*, &c.) not unlike to this is the *Offendet Solido* of *Horace*.

——*As ſafe as the Man in the Moon*, &c.) Vide *Fontenel*'s Plurality of Worlds.

Again you Arraign him, &c.) } our Author here uſes
Is he not a Fellow, &c.) } that convincing Method of reaſoning, which Mr. *Locke* calleth *Argumentum ad verecundiam*: And (to give our *University* the greateſt *Encomium*) I might affirm upon the Word of an Author, that ſince the Days of the learned *Uſher*, it never had ſo many Originals, ſo many unreading Judges, and ſo many unjudging Writers. But more of this in another Treatiſe.

Great *Newton*, whom Envy can never befoul,
Was *Phœnix* of Science; capacious his Soul,
Like *Pompey*'s tranſported to Regions of Day,
Diſdain'd to be ty'd to a Manſion of Clay.

These

Theſe Lines bear a Semblance of the following in the beginning of the 9th Book of *Lucan*'s Pharſalia.

At non in Phariâ manes jacuere favillâ,
Nec cinis exiguus tantam compeſcuit umbram;
Proſiliit buſto, ſemiuſtaq; membra relinquens,
Degeneremque rogum, ſequitur convexa Tonantis.

The reſt of the Poem, being ſo plain and concluſive needs no Gloſs or Comment.

F I N I S.

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